THE HUMAN TORCH

10

SPRING

NO. 18

COMICS

ALSO THE SUB-MARINER

Gen. MAC ARTHUR'S HEADQUART

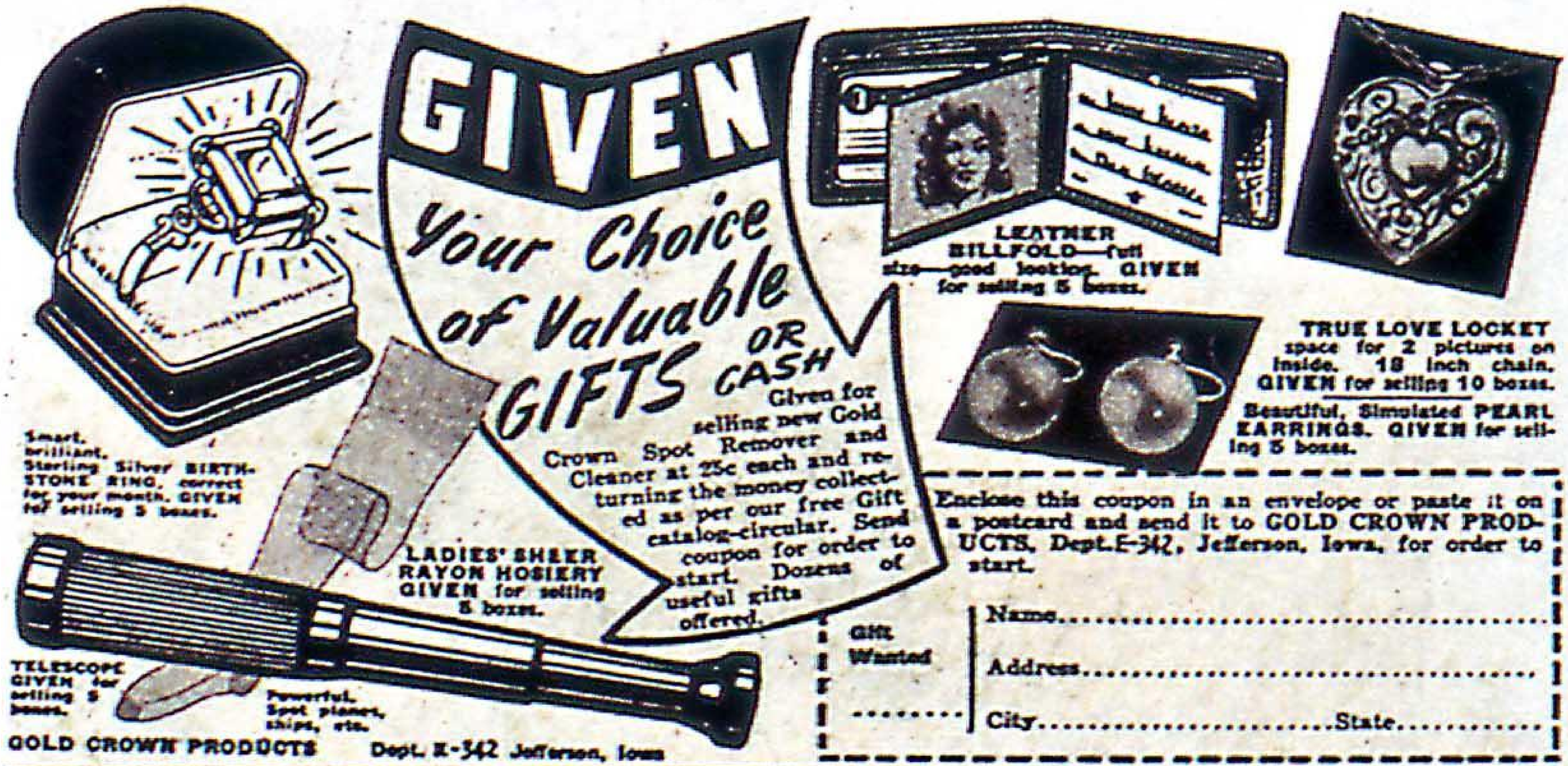
Pw

THE HUMAN TORCH COMICS

10¢

SPRING
NO.
18

ALSO THE SUB-MARINER
Gen. MAC ARTHUR'S HEADQUARTE



GIVEN

Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Given for selling new Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected as per our free Gift catalog-circular. Send coupon for order to start. Dozens of useful gifts offered.

Smart, brilliant, Sterling Silver BIRTHSTONE RING, correct for your month. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

LADIES' SHEER RAYON HOSIERY GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

TELESCOPE GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

Powerful. Spot planes, ships, etc.

LEATHER BILLFOLD—full size—good looking. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

TRUE LOVE LOCKET space for 2 pictures on inside. 18 inch chain. GIVEN for selling 10 boxes.

Beautiful, Simulated PEARL EARRINGS. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept.E-342, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Gift Wanted

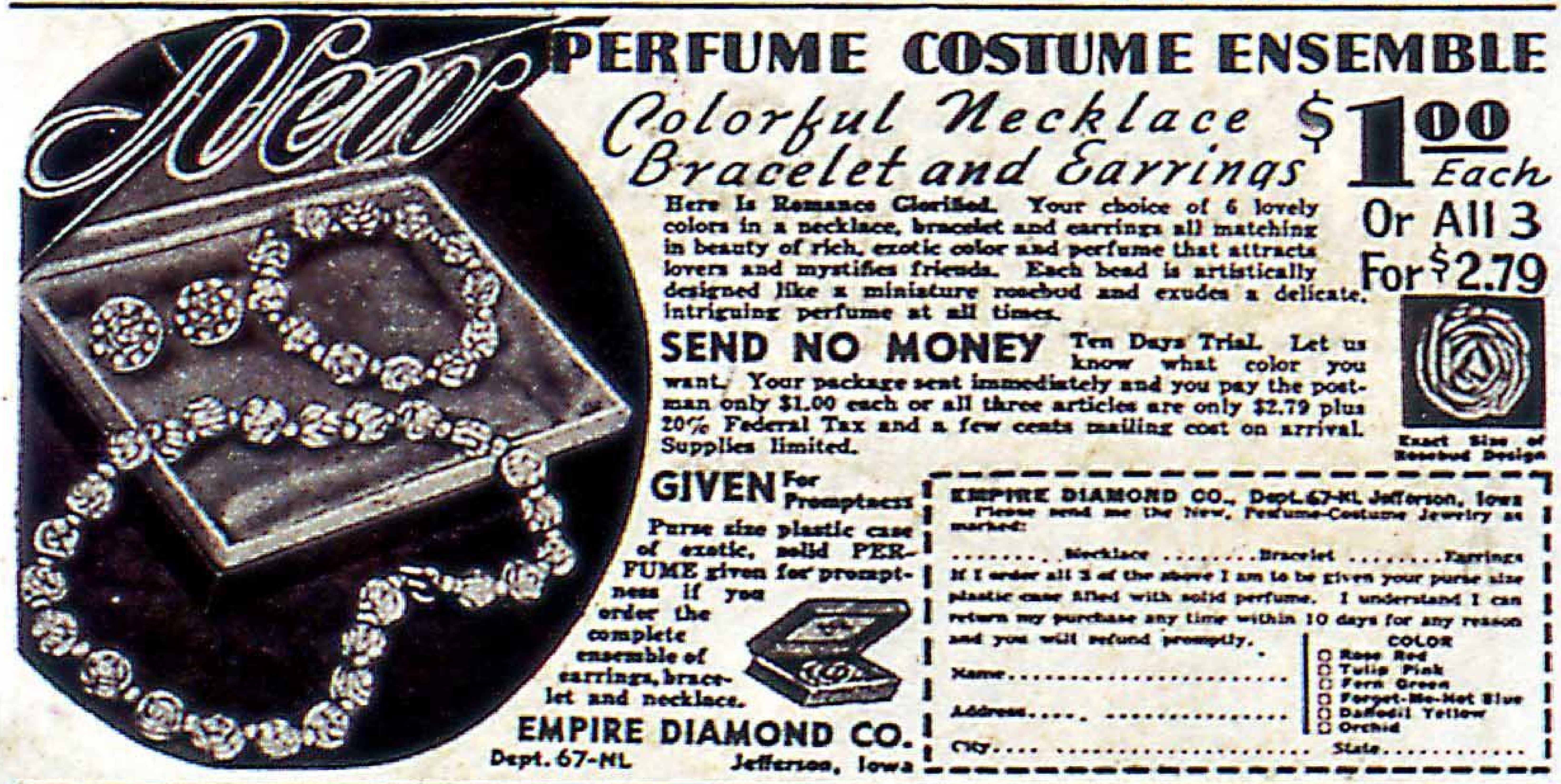
....

Name..

Address......................................

City..........................State..............

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS Dept. K-342 Jefferson, Iowa



New PERFUME COSTUME ENSEMBLE

Colorful Necklace Bracelet and Earrings $1.00 Each Or All 3 For $2.79

Here Is Romance Glorified. Your choice of 6 lovely colors in a necklace, bracelet and earrings all matching in beauty of rich, exotic color and perfume that attracts lovers and mystifies friends. Each bead is artistically designed like a miniature rosebud and exudes a delicate, intriguing perfume at all times.

SEND NO MONEY Ten Days Trial. Let us know what color you want. Your package sent immediately and you pay the postman only $1.00 each or all three articles are only $2.79 plus 20% Federal Tax and a few cents mailing cost on arrival. Supplies limited.

Exact Size of Rosebud Design

GIVEN For Promptness

Purse size plastic case of exotic, solid PERFUME given for promptness if you order the complete ensemble of earrings, bracelet and necklace.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Dept. 67-NL Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept.67-NL Jefferson, Iowa
Please send me the New, Perfume-Costume Jewelry as marked:

........Necklace ....Bracelet ....Earrings

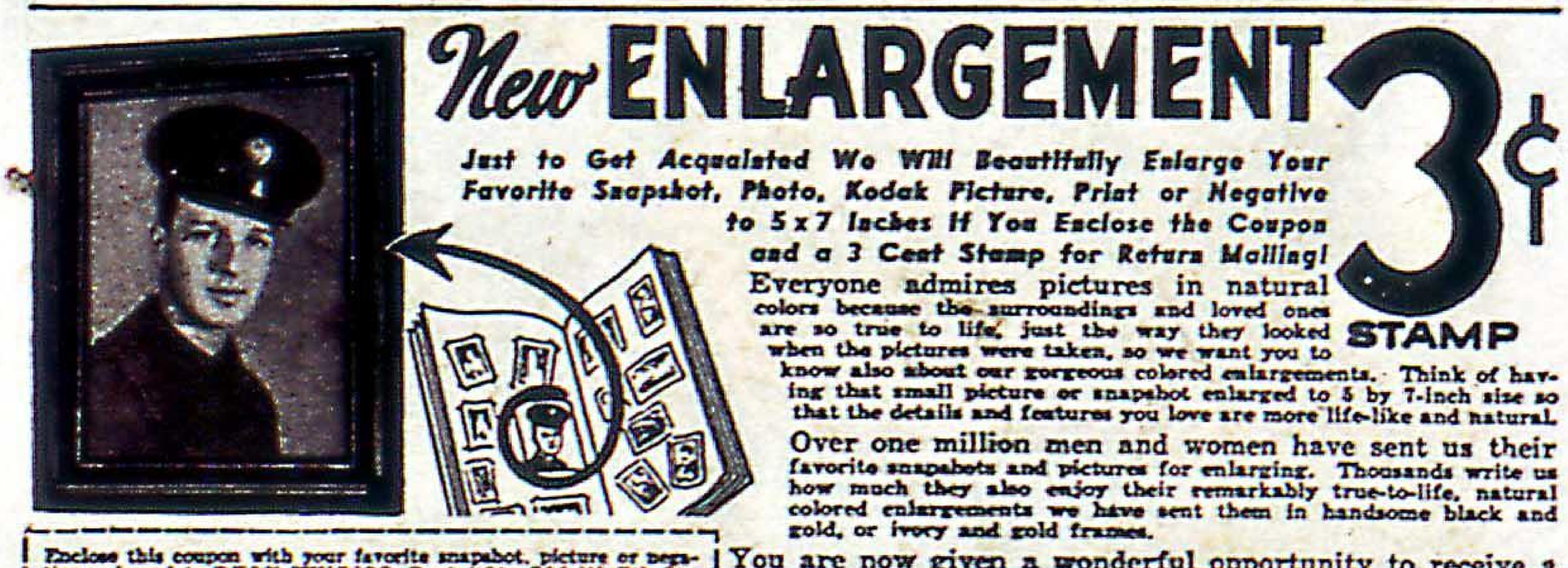
If I order all 3 of the above I am to be given your purse size plastic case filled with solid perfume. I understand I can return my purchase any time within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

COLOR
○ Rose Red
○ Tulip Pink
○ Fern Green
○ Forget-Me-Not Blue
○ Daffodil Yellow
○ Orchid

Name..............................

Address.... ....

City.... .... State..........



New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1191, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Color of Hair ....

Name ....

Address ....

Color of Eyes ....

City.................. State..........

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept.1191, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

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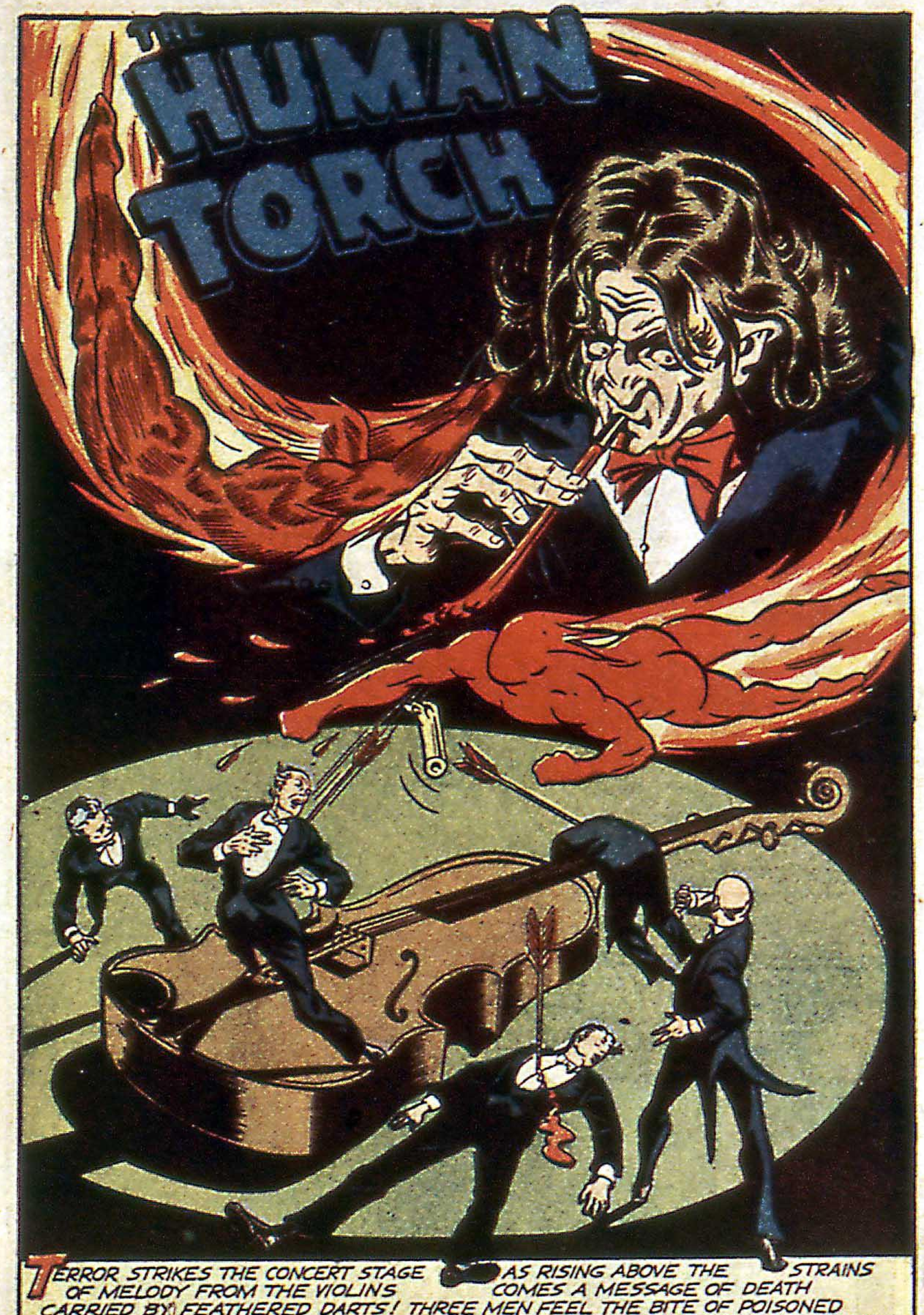


TERROR STRIKES THE CONCERT STAGE AS RISING ABOVE THE STRAINS OF MELODY FROM THE VIOLINS COMES A MESSAGE OF DEATH CARRIED BY FEATHERED DARTS! THREE MEN FEEL THE BITE OF POISONED STEEL! THEN THE **HUMAN TORCH** AND HIS PAL **TORO** TAKE UP THE TRAIL IN

"DEATH PLAYS THE VIOLIN!"

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE CIVIC CENTRE WHERE JOSHAU HEITZ, WORLD FAMOUS VIOLINIST HAS FINISHED THE EVENINGS CONCERT! AS HE BOWS TO THE THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE . . . .
BRAVO! BRAVO!
ENCORE! ENCORE!
. . . THE VELVET DRAPES OF A BOX OVERLOOKING THE STAGE, PART, AND_ _ _ _
PHSTTTT
. . . A TINY FEATHERED DART SPEEDS TOWARDS THE BOWING FIGURE, SINKS IT'S SHARP VICIOUS POISONED POINT INTO HIS THROAT . . . .
THE DEADLY POISON QUICKLY DOES ITS WORK... THE LONG TAPERING FINGERS TEARING AT THE THROAT RELAX, GO LIMP, THEIR POWER TO CHARM AN AUDIENCE, TO BRING IT ROARING TO ITS FEET IN APPRECIATION OF THEIR MASTER'S SKILL... FOREVER GONE...
QUICK! CALL A DOCTOR!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!
WHILE LATER, IN A CERTAIN HOUSE NOT FAR AWAY, A MURDERER...CROSSES FROM A QUEER LIST...HIS FIRST VICTIM...
OBSERVE, MY FUTURE VICTIMS, THE FATE THAT HAS BEFALLEN YOUR COMRADE... OBSERVE AND BE PREPARED...HA! HA!
AND AT REINWAY HALL SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER WHERE EUGENE LAPKA IS MAKING HIS NEW YORK DEBUT, THE FEATHERED DART OF DEATH . . . . .
AHHHHHH..

MON DIEU! HE IS DEAD!
LOOK! THE DART! **THE DART!** JUST LIKE HEITZ!
AND IN THEIR NEW YORK APARTMENT, TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES STUDY THE SCREAMING HEADLINES OF THE MORNING PAPERS...
FIRST HEITZ, NOW LAPKA! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, TORCH?
I WISH I KNEW, TORO!
YEAH! I'VE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING! ROBBERY, BLACKMAIL, NOTHING SEEMS TO FIT!
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT STRIKES ME AS PECULIAR! BOTH OF THE VICTIMS WERE CONCERT VIOLINISTS! THE MURDERS BEAR ALL THE EARMARKS OF A MADMAN! THE MOTIVE STRIKES ME AS BEING REVENGE!
THAT WOULD SEEM TO POINT TO THE KILLER AS BEING A VIOLINIST OR AT LEAST A FORMER ONE!
GOT SOMETHING?
JUST A HUNCH! WE'RE GOING IN FOR A LITTLE RESEARCH! C'MON, TORO!
THE FIERY DUO FLAME...
JUST WHERE DO WE DO THIS RESEARCH?
IN THE FILES OF THE EVENING BLADE'S NEWS MORGUE! I WANT TO FIND OUT ALL WE CAN ON A ONCE BRILLIANT VIOLINIST BY THE NAME OF BENJAMIN LOUFITZ!

SOME MINUTES LATER, IN THE NEWS FILE OF THE EVENING BLADE...
I REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT HIM! HIS CAREER WAS ENDED BY AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT LAST YEAR!
THAT'S RIGHT! AND THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF THE ACCIDENT ON HIM THAT THE PAPERS NEVER CARRIED! LET'S SEE... HERE WE ARE!
H'MMM! JUST AS I THOUGHT, THERE'S NOTHING BUT AN ACCOUNT OF THE ACCIDENT! HOWEVER, THE NAME OF THE DOCTOR WHO OPERATED ON HIM IS HERE! DOCTOR SILAS BURKE... MT. HOLLY HOSPITAL! WE'LL PAY HIM A VISIT!
BRILLIANT VIOLINST MAINED IN TRAGEDY!
SECONDS LATER, THE DUO FLAME DIVE TOWARDS THE GROUNDS OF THE GREAT HOSPITAL
MAYBE DOCTOR BURKE WON'T TELL US THE STORY BEHIND THE ACCIDENT!
WHEN HE KNOWS WHAT AN IMPORTANT BEARING THE STORY MAY HAVE ON THE CASE HE'LL COME THRU!
MT. HOLLY HOSPITAL
SOME MINUTES LATER, THE DUO EXPLAIN THEIR MISSION IN DOCTOR BURKE'S OFFICE..
...THAT'S THE STORY, DOCTOR! WE BELIEVE THE KILLER TO BE A FORMER VIOLINIST DRIVEN MAD BY SOME TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE!
I SEE! ALL RIGHT, TORCH! I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY!
"HE WAS BROUGHT IN LAST YEAR, HIS LEFT ARM HORRIBLY MANGLED... I SAW AT A GLANCE THAT AN IMMEDIATE AMPUTATION WAS NEEDED TO SAVE HIS LIFE!"
ADMINISTER THE ANESTHETIC, NURSE! WE'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE AT ONCE!
AMPUTATE MY HAND? NO! NO! YOU CAN'T... MY CAREER... I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PLAY AGAIN... I'D RATHER DIE!
"I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TERRIBLE STRUGGLE HE PUT UP! BUT MUCH WORSE WAS TO FOLLOW!"
PLEASE, DOCTOR, PLEASE! DON'T LET THEM! DON'T L-E--T---
THE ANESTHETIC HAS TAKEN EFFECT, DOCTOR!
GOOD, WHEEL HIM TO THE OPERATING ROOM!
4

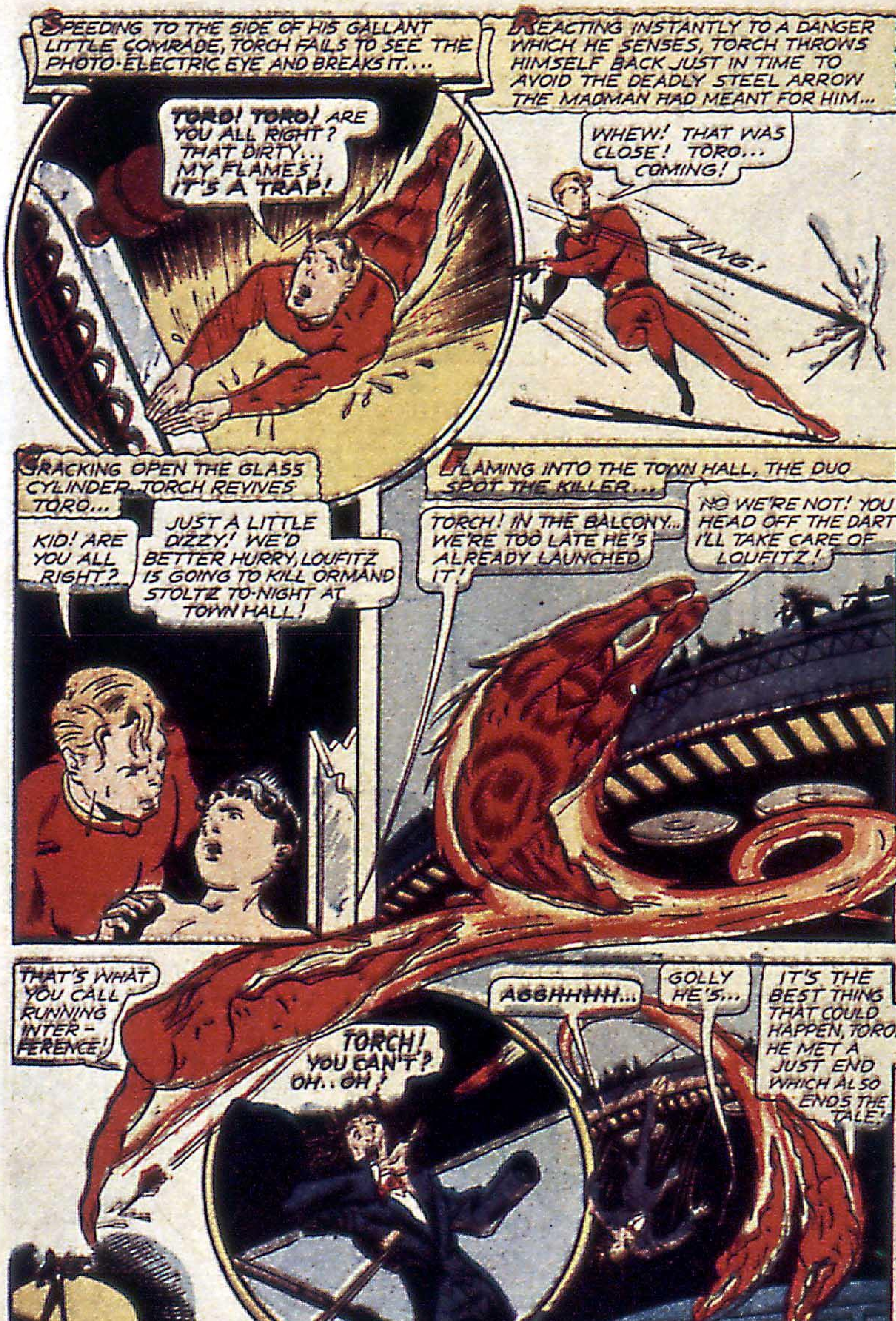
"LATER, I WAS IN THIS OFFICE MAKING OUT MY REPORTS ON THE CASE WHEN THE NURSE CAME RUNNING IN"...
DOCTOR, QUICK! YOUR PATIENT'S GONE MAD! HE'S FIGHTING THE INTERNES!
CALL THERAPY! TELL THEM TO RUSH A STRAIT-JACKET AND A COUPLE OF MALE ATTENDANTS!
"WE GOT HIM INTO A STRAIGHT-JACKET BUT THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WAS HORRIBLE, AND HIS WORDS... I'LL NEVER FORGET THEM!"
MY HAND! SOMEONE STOLE MY HAND! BUT I KNOW WHO IT IS! THEY'RE JEALOUS! THEY DON'T WANT ME TO PLAY ANY MORE! I'LL KILL THEM FOR THIS! I'LL KILL THEM! HA-HA-HA-HA!
DOCTOR BURKE CONCLUDES HIS STORY...
WE HELD HIM FOR TREATMENT FOR SEVERAL MONTHS! THEN HE SUDDENLY QUIETED DOWN! LAST MONTH A SANITY COMMISSION DECLARED HIM CURED AND GRANTED HIS RELEASE!
CAN YOU GIVE US HIS ADDRESS, DOCTOR?
YES! I HAVE IT HERE, 23 PARK TERRACE APARTMENT, 4-C!
THANKS, DOC! LET'S GO, TORO!
Benjamin Loufitz 23 Park Terrace Apt. 4c
AND MOMENTS LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDANT AT 23 PARK TERRACE...
BENJAMIN LOUFITZ? NO... HE'S NOT HERE! HE VACATED LAST WEEK AND LEFT NO FORWARDING ADDRESS....
WE'LL HAVE TO LOCATE HIM! C'MON, TORO, WE'LL TRY SOME OF HIS FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES!
BUT HOURS LATER, THE NAMES ON THEIR LIST EXHAUSTED, AND WITH STILL NO SIGN OF THE MAD VIOLINIST...
NUTTY OR NOT, LOUFITZ WAS TOO SMART TO LEAVE ANY TRACE! HE CAREFULLY BROKE OFF WITH HIS OLD FRIENDS! NOT ONE OF THEM HAVE HEARD FROM HIM IN MONTHS!
YES! IT'S GOING TO BE A JOB TO TRACE HIM! UNLESS...

UNLESS WHAT?
LOOK! DAVID MAITZ IS GIVING A CONCERT TO-NIGHT AT THE AUDITORIUM! I HAVE A HUNCH THE KILLER WILL TRY TO GET HIM! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO....
THAT EVENING IN THE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM AS THE CURTAIN GOES UP AND THE GREAT VIOLINIST MAKES HIS APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE!..
SLAP
SLAP
WHAT NOW, TORCH!
WATCH THE AUDIENCE! ACT INSTANTLY AT ANY SUSPICIOUS MOVEMENT! I BELIEVE IT WILL COME FROM EITHER THE SIDE AISLES IN THE ORCHESTRA OR THE BOXES NEAR THE STAGE!
BUT THE CUNNING MADMAN LURKS IN NEITHER OF THESE PLACES, FOR BEHIND THE FOLD OF THE CURTAIN BACKSTAGE....
AH, DAVID, THE AUDIENCE LIKES YOU! THEY APPLAUD YOU! SMILE, DAVID, SMILE AT THE APPLAUSE! IT'S THE LAST YOU WILL EVER RECEIVE!
AS THE ACCOMPLISHED VIOLINIST, UNAWARE OF THE LURKING MADMAN RAISES HIS BOW...
HE'S FALLING!
WHAT'S WRONG?
IN THE BALCONY TORCH AND TORO FLAME....
WHAT HAPPENED? I DIDN'T SEE...?
HE STRUCK FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN! CIRCLE THE THEATER IN FLAME! DON'T LET ANYONE OUT!

THE DUO WEAVE A BARRIER OF LIVING FLAME AROUND THE GREAT MUSIC HALL...
AUDITORIUM
NOT EVEN A MOUSE CAN SLIP THRU THIS!
MEANWHILE, THE MAD VIOLINIST IS MAKING GOOD HIS ESCAPE, WHEN...
HOW THE DICKENS ARE WE GOING TO FIND HIM IN THIS MOB?
LOOK FOR A MAN WITH ONE HAND! YOU COVER THE BACK STAGE! I'LL TAKE THE ORCHESTRA, BALCONY AND BOXES!
I CANT PASS THRU THAT! THOSE FLAMING FOOLS HAVE CUT OFF EVERY EXIT! THE ROOF! IF I CAN GAIN THE ROOF!
THERE'S THE SMALL ONE! IF I CAN TRAP HIM AND HIS FRIEND I CAN FINISH MY WORK UNINTERRUPTED!
AND TORO UNAWARE OF THE KILLER'S PLANS....
IF HE'S IN THE THEATER HE'S NOT BACK-STAGE! I'VE COVERED EVERY INCH AND... HEY! WHO'S THAT? IT MUST BE HIM...
GONE! HE MUST HAVE BEAT IT OUT THAT DOOR AT THE END OF THE STAGING! WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

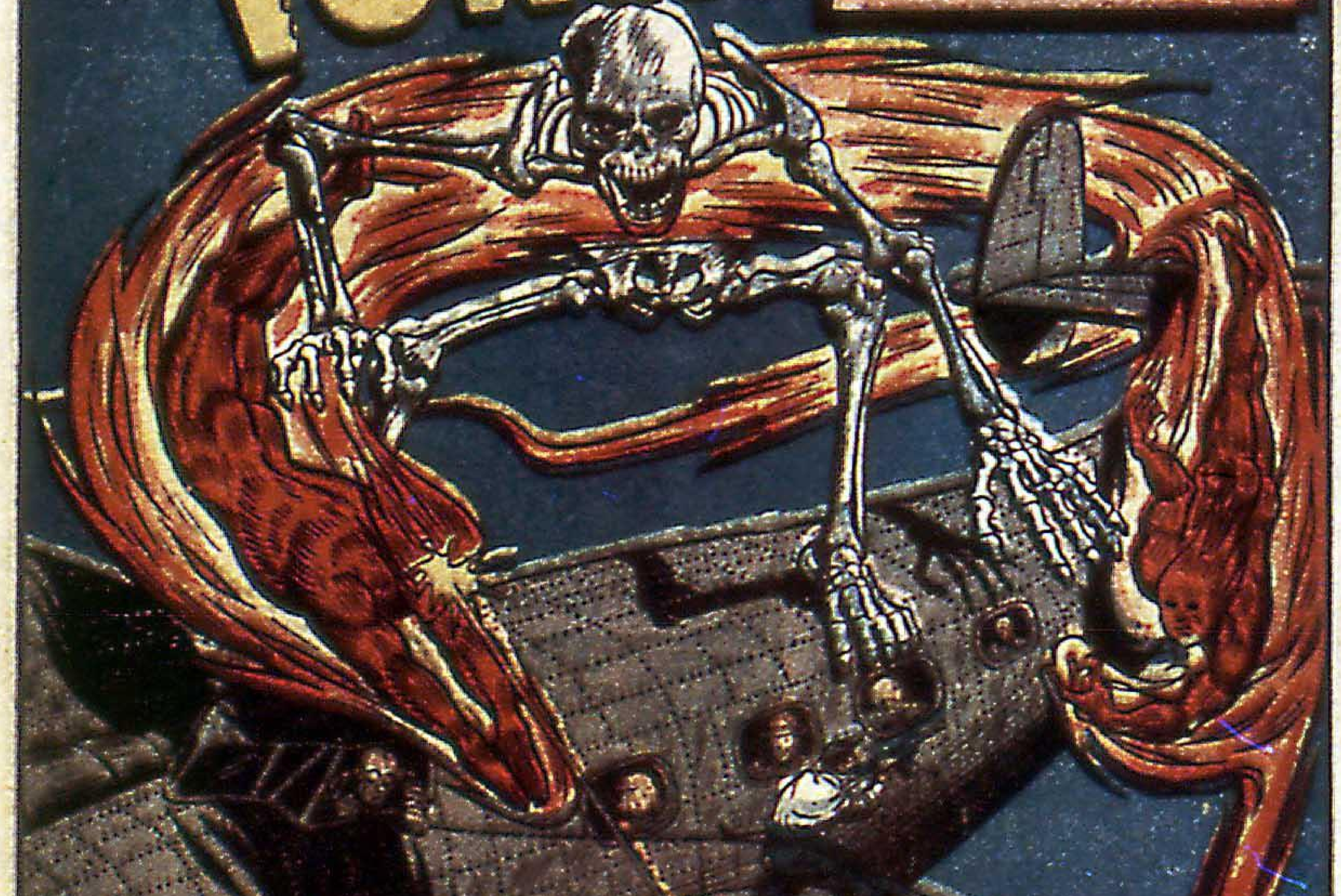
THERE HE IS NOW, DUCKING THRU THAT DOOR! BEFORE I FOLLOW I'D BETTER LEAVE TORCH SOME SORT OF TRAIL!
TORO LEAVES A BLAZING MESSAGE FOR TORCH ACROSS THE SKY...
Kille
BUT THE KILLER HAS PREPARED FOR SUCH A MOMENT....
AH, HE COMES NOW! WHAT A SHOCK HE'LL GET WHEN HE BREAKS THE ELECTRIC BEAM AND RECEIVES THE 'ER BLESSINGS OF MY SPRINKLER SYSTEM!
OH! OH! MY FLAMES! WHAT IS THIS?
THE END OF YOUR CHASE, MY FRIEND! HEH! HEH!
THAT SHOULD KEEP YOU QUIET UNTIL I PUT YOU IN YOUR FINAL RESTING PLACE!
THE MAD VIOLINIST PLACES TORO IN A FIRE PROOFED GLASS CYLINDER WITH A SMALL VACUUM PUMP ATTACHED...
SO, YOU'VE RECOVERED FROM THE BLOW? I'M GLAD, I HAVE A MUCH SLOWER DEATH FOR YOU! AND DON'T TRY TO FLAME! THE GLASS IS FIRE PROOFED!

THIS LITTLE PUMP WILL DRAW THE AIR FROM YOUR CYLINDER LITTLE BY LITTLE UNTIL YOUR LUNGS BURST! HEH! HEH! I'VE ALSO PREPARED FOR YOUR FRIEND!
YOU REFUGEE FROM A NUT HOUSE! TORCH IS TOO SMART TO FALL FOR YOUR TRICKS!
HE WILL... WITH YOU AS BAIT! ONLY FOR HIM I HAVE PREPARED A SPECIAL DEATH!
AND NOW I MUST BE OFF! ORMAND STOLTZ IS TO PLAY AT THE TOWN HALL TO-NIGHT! I MUST BE THERE TO APPLAUD HIM WITH MY LITTLE BLOW-PIPE AND MY FEATHER OF DEATH! HEH! HEH!
WHILE TORCH HAVING THOROUGHLY SEARCHED HIS PART OF THE THEATER WITHOUT SUCCESS, IS NOW BACKSTAGE TRYING TO LOCATE TORO....
WHERE THE DICKENS DID TORO GO? HE WOULDN'T LEAVE WITHOUT...? MAYBE HE'S AFTER THE KILLER... HE COULDN'T GET THRU THE FLAMES... UNLESS...? THE ROOF! THAT'S IT!
TORO IS AFTER THE KILLER! AND HE LEFT THAT MESSAGE FOR ME TO FOLLOW!
Kill
MEANWHILE, TORO WEAKENS RAPIDLY...
GOT... TO... KEEP WAKE... WARN... TORCH! GO... WAY... DON'T DON'T OOOO...


SPEEDING TO THE SIDE OF HIS GALLANT LITTLE COMRADE, TORCH FAILS TO SEE THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC EYE AND BREAKS IT...
TORO! TORO! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THAT DIRTY... MY FLAMES! IT'S A TRAP!
REACTING INSTANTLY TO A DANGER WHICH HE SENSES, TORCH THROWS HIMSELF BACK JUST IN TIME TO AVOID THE DEADLY STEEL ARROW THE MADMAN HAD MEANT FOR HIM...
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! TORO... COMING!
ZING!
CRACKING OPEN THE GLASS CYLINDER, TORCH REVIVES TORO...
KID! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
JUST A LITTLE DIZZY! WE'D BETTER HURRY, LOUFITZ IS GOING TO KILL ORMAND STOLTZ TO-NIGHT AT TOWN HALL!
FLAMING INTO THE TOWN HALL, THE DUO SPOT THE KILLER...
TORCH! IN THE BALCONY... WE'RE TOO LATE HE'S ALREADY LAUNCHED IT!
NO WE'RE NOT! YOU HEAD OFF THE DART! I'LL TAKE CARE OF LOUFITZ!
THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL RUNNING INTER-FERENCE!
TORCH! YOU CAN'T? OH.. OH!
AGGHHHHH...
GOLLY HE'S...
IT'S THE BEST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN, TORO! HE MET A JUST END WHICH ALSO ENDS THE TALE!
THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH

"DEATH TAKES A JOURNEY"



THIS IS THE STORY OF A LIFER, ONE ALONZO, WHO SERVED ENOUGH TIME IN THE STATE PEN BEFORE HIS ESCAPE TO PLOT WHAT HE THOUGHT WOULD BE THE PERFECT CRIME... BUT, AS USUAL, THERE IS UNVARIABLY A SLIP UP, OR FATE SOMETIMES TAKES A HAND...

IN THIS CASE IT IS THE **HUMAN TORCH AND TORO** WHOM FATE SELECTS FOR THE TASK OF BRINGING ALONZO AND HIS GANG TO JUSTICE IN THIS THRILLING DEATH DEFYING TALE OF ADVENTURE...

SIX THIRTY, TUESDAY MORNING, IN THE APARTMENT OF THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO.
GET THESE EGGS FRIED WHILE I ANSWER THE PHONE! ...SUNNYSIDE UP, YOU KNOW!
RIGHT, TORCH!
RING! RING! RING!
...MR. KNOWLES?... 210 PARK AVENUE... APARTMENT 8C... I'LL BE OVER IN ABOUT A HALF AN HOUR!... WILL THAT BE ALL RIGHT?!
YES, THAT'LL BE IN PLENTY OF TIME, GOODBYE!
TORO, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN TO USE THE STOVE?!
I KNOW HOW TO USE THE STOVE, BUT WHAT'S THE SENSE OF RUNNING UP OUR GAS AND LIGHT BILL?!
...RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST...
SEE YOU IN A SHORT WHILE, TORO. GOT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT SOMETHING OR OTHER!
SO LONG, TORCH!
A FEW MINUTES LATER IN THE LUXURIOUS STUDY OF MR. KNOWLES....
...AND THAT'S THE STORY, TORCH! YOU CAN FILL IN A BLANK CHECK FOR YOUR SERVICES... MY SPECIAL CHARTERED PLANE LEAVES THE AIR PORT AT TEN... WILL YOU AND TORO COME ALONG?!
LUCKILY, WE HAVE THE TIME! YOU CAN EXPECT US ABOARD WITH YOU!
SWELL, SEE YOU AT THE FIELD! SO LONG!
WE'LL BE THERE!
HEY!, DER'S DE HUMAN TORCH! ...CHEEZ!... WHAT A GUY!
YEAH!, I WISH I COULD FLY LIKE HIM!
WE'LL HAVE TO GET DRESSED AND PACKED, KID!... WE'RE GOING ON A TRIP INTO THE WILDS OF THE ANDES!
THE ANDES! ...OH YEAH! ...WHAT FOR?!

THIS KNOWLES HAS A MAP TO A FABULOUSLY RICH DIAMOND MINE LEFT HIM BY HIS DECEASED EXPLORER BROTHER, AND DOESN'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH IT AGAINST THE NATIVES UNTIL HE GETS IT OPERATING!
SO WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GO ALONG LIKE THE GODS OF WRATH AND FRIGHTEN THE SAVAGES AWAY, WITH OUR FIRE BALLS, EH?
LATER, AT THE AIR FIELD, TORCH AND TORO ARRIVE IN TIME TO BOARD THE PLANE....
TORCH AND TORO, MEET MY PARTNER, MR. J. STODDARD... THE FOUR OF US WILL BE THE ONLY PASSENGERS!
AND IN A SHORT WHILE THEY ARE SOUTH AMERICA BOUND........
OH, BOY !... A WHOLE PLANE ALMOST ALL TO OURSELVES !... SOME TREAT... EH, TORCH?!
THE NEXT DAY FINDS THEM APPROACHING THE ANDES...
WHILE IN THE PILOT'S COMPARTMENT AT THIS TIME! ......
BETTER GO BACK AND SEE IF THE PASSENGERS ARE COMFORTABLE, HARRY!
YEAH! WE'RE NEARING OUR LAND MARK!
(WHISPER).. KIND OF A MENACING EXPRESSION ABOUT THAT PILOT'S FACE AS HE PASSED?!
DIDN'T NOTICE IT !...MAYBE THE RESTLESSNESS OF THE RIDE IS GETTING YOU, TORCH!
MAYBE?
SNEAKING QUIETLY UP THE PILOT CATCHES TORCH AND TORO COMPLETELY OFF GUARD!
CRACKO!
WHAT WAS THAT.... ARGH!
YOU TWO, TOO... OKAY, CARL!... WE'VE GOT 'EM!
WHAM!

GOOD WORK, HARRY! GOT THE BRIEF CASE?!
YEAH!
THE SHIP WILL GO DOWN IN FLAMES! ...AHH!..THE PERFECT CRIME!... READY?!
WAITING ON YOU!
GAS
WELL,.. LET'S GO!
THE BOSS WILL GIVE US A GOOD SHARE OF THE DIAMOND FORTUNE FOR CARRYING OUT HIS PLANS, EH?
YEAH! SMART GUY DAT ALONZO TO FIGURE OUT DIS EASY WAY TO GET AWAY WIT MOIDER!
BUT IN THE BURNING SHIP. TORCH AND TORO, BY NATURE, ARE INSTANTLY REVIVED BY THE FLAMES AND....
WE GOT THEM JUST IN TIME! THEY CAN'T HAVE ANY MORE THAN JUST SUPERFICIAL BURNS!
LET'S BUST OUT OF HERE WITH THEM! ...THIS PLANE IS DIVING EARTHWARD AND FAST!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I TOLD YOU THAT PILOT HAD AN EVIL LOOK!
I ONLY SAID "MAYBE" ANYWAY WE'RE ALL ALIVE!
CRACK!
A MINUTE LATER...
THANKS, TORCH AND TORO, YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!...GUESS THEY MUST HAVE SWITCHED PILOTS ON US AT THE LAST STOP!
YES! IT SEEMS THAT WAY!
TORO, LET'S LEAVE A CIRCLE OF FIRE AROUND THEM FOR PROTECTION AGAINST SAVAGES AND WILD ANIMALS!

WE'LL BE BACK FOR YOU AS SOON AS WE RECOVER THE BRIEF CASE!
THERE ARE THE CHUTISTS! A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM THE GROUND, TORCH!
LET'S NOSE DIVE RIGHT DOWN ON THEM, TORO! ...YOU TOSS THE FIRE BALLS AT THEIR GUNS AND I'LL GRAB THE BRIEF CASE!
GOOD IDEA, TORCH!
HEY!... DE TORCHES!.. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
BUT AT THE GANGSTER'S HIDE OUT THEIR CHIEF, ALONZO, SIGHTS THE SCENE AND.....
I OVERLOOK NOZING! THEES GUN WEETH CARBON TETRACHLORIDE SHELLS FEEX THOSE TWO BURNING DEVILS!
AS THE FIRE-EXTINGUISHING SHELLS STRIKE THEIR MARK...
HEY!...WHAT GOES, TORCH?!...WE'RE DROPPING-!... WE'LL...
QUICK! KEEP MOVING TOWARD THE CANYON!... THE RIVER'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
THE DUO REACH A POINT DIRECTLY ABOVE THE RIVER, IN THE CANYON'S BOTTOM, AS THEIR FLAMES GO OUT AND THEIR FLYING POWER IS GONE!
JUST IN TIME, TORO!... GET SET FOR A SPLASH!
YOU SURE DID SOME MIGHTY QUICK THINKING, TORCH!

OUT OF THE WAY, GATORS!
SOK!
MEANWHILE...
OH, HO!... MY BOYS BREENG ZE PLANS FOR ZE DIAMOND MINE, GOOD! ...ZE BURNING DEVILS ARE DEAD NOW IN CANYON!... EVERYSEENG IS WUNDERFUL!..NO?!
YEAH! YOU'RE DE SMARTEST GUY IN DE WHOLE WOILD, CHIEF!
NOT "GUY", DUMMOX!... I WEEL BE KING WEETH THEES DIAMONDS!.... ...YEAH, KING!... KING ALONZO OF ALL SOUTH AMERICEE! ... BAHHH! OF ALL ZE AMERICEES!
WHILE AT THIS TIME...
WE'LL EXTINGUISH OUR FLAMES WHEN WE HIT THE TOP, TORO, SO HE WONT HIT US AGAIN WITH THAT FLAME DOUSING GADGET!
HERE'S THEIR HANG OUT! LET'S GET THAT SENTRY KIND OF QUIET LIKE!
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, TORCH!
TORO GRASPS THE GUARDS GUN AND LEGS TO PREVENT ANY SOUND OF FALLING WHILE TORCH.....
WHAT DA?.. DE TORCHES!
GET ZEM!

TORO IS FORCED TO FLAME ON AND....
WE HAD IT IN MIND TO SETTLE THIS WITHOUT OUR FLAMES, BUT SEEING THAT YOU WANT TO PLAY!
GOOD GOING, TORO!...COME ON, YOU MUGS, LET'S FIGHT THIS OUT LIKE MEN!
YEAH! METHINKS THAT'S A BETTER IDEA, TOO... **LOOK OUT, TORCH!... BEHIND YOU!!**
POW!
TORCH FLAMES ON IN THE NICK OF TIME!...
ANOTHER SMART ALEC IN THE BUNCH!...GO AHEAD! ...MELT ALL YOUR BULLETS!
THROUGH NOW?! ...WELL THEN, JOIN THE REST OF YOUR GANG!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM, TORCH!
BAM!
SAY, THIS GUY'S "ALONZO"! ALIAS, GONZALES!...HE'S WANTED IN THE STATES FOR ESCAPING A LIFE TERM!
WE'LL SEE THE AMERICAN COUNSUL ABOUT HIM... IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S BIND THEM AND GET OUR FRIENDS!
A MONTH LATER THE DUO FIND THEMSELVES HOMEWARD BOUND...
THE SOUTH AMERICAN GOVERNMENT GAVE KNOWLES PLENTY OF COOPERATION IN DEVELOPING HIS MINE!
YES, AND ALSO IN GETTING THESE HOODLUMS BACK WHERE THEY BELONG!
END

Reconciliation

MONEY had gone to Tad's head, that's what. Clay banged the skillet onto the hook back of the stove, stamped over to wipe the crumbs from the table. He didn't like this business of having to clean house. Now that Tad had struck it rich and had pulled out on his own hook, Clay had to do it every day for himself, instead of every other day. They'd taken turns before.

Yes, sir. It had sure gone to his head. He was splurging too much on equipment. Not only for his mining but for himself. He'd gone into Hookers Run and come back fit to kill, all decked out in fancy togs, hat and shoes.

Tad had really struck it rich. Clay had seen some of the dust and a couple of pea-sized nuggets. Clay had advised cautiously, "Keep your find under your hat for a while. Somebody'll get wind of it, and next thing you know you'll have a slug between your ribs."

"Aw, go chase yourself," Tad had chortled. "Sour grapes. You're just sore because you didn't have my luck."

Tad dug up dynamite and a detonator, and then had pulled out, bag and baggage, to live by himself back in the hills.

Clay felt sorry for the old boy. He'd been a pretty swell partner all these years. They'd batted around the wilderness country together, had shared good and bad luck between them. With Tad gone now, the world seemed an empty place. Clay started for the door. Couple more weeks like this one and he'd go nuts—

Clay paused sharply as a man stepped into the doorway, swung a carbine up. "Stand still," the man snarled. "One move outta you and you're dead!"

No use arguing about that, Clay decided. The carbine had him pinned squarely. "Squint," Clay muttered uneasily. "What in tarnation you putting on an act for?"

"You'll live longer if you mind your own business," Squint retorted. "*I'll* ask the questions. Where's old Tad got his diggings?"

* * * * *

CLAY waited, his heart pounding uneasily at his side. Squint Logger was the town's good-for-nothing. He'd been in more shady deals, and just managed to get by, than you could shake a stick at.

"Tad," Clay said warily, "ain't here. What's your business with him?"

"*My* business," the newcomer retorted sharply. "What I asked is where is he?"

"Out working," Clay answered, steadying himself. "If you're figuring on making trouble—"

"Not for myself," Squint corrected, his narrow face twisting in a malicious grin. "Tad's been blowing all over town about how he's struck pure gold. He must have plenty cached somewhere. And he's been blowing off about how you and he quarreled. Said you had it in for him, now he's struck it rich. So when I get through . . . you're gonna be the one to talk. Or swing!"

Clay didn't answer. His body was tense with anger. It was all Tad's bull-headed fault. He would have to spill everything in Hookers Run. He and his big mouth. And if Squint meant what he seemed to mean . . .

Squint laughed harshly. "Tad's gonna get a dose of hot lead. His gold's gonna be gone. And I'm fixing it so's you'll swing for his murder. You're gonna be the guy who killed Tad!"

"You can't do that!" Clay shouted angrily. "Why, you—"

"Sit down!" Squint snarled. "Right there. Or else you *both* get it!"

There wasn't anything to do about it now, Clay realized, as he obediently took a seat in the chair.

Squint finished tying Clay's hands and legs to the chair. "You'll be okay till I get through with old Tad," Squint cracked. "Rest yourself, Grandpa. You'll meet the sheriff afore long!"

* * * * *

FOR a while after Squint had gone, Clay tried to relax. It hurt to think that, after all these years, he'd be the one to take the rap for old Tad's murder. Besides which, Tad and Clay hadn't ever been exactly prosperous. And now, just when Tad had struck it rich, and could really have a little fun . . .

Clay shook his head. He had to get out of this some way. He couldn't let Tad die, couldn't let Squint get away with a dirty trick like this.

Cautiously Clay worked the chair around. There wasn't much of anything he could get his hands on. Not with his arms strapped back to the chair like this.

There was the hatchet in the wood box back of the stove. Gingerly he worked the chair over to the box. Carefully he inched the hatchet out till he had a good grip. By twisting his hand just at the wrist he was able to swing the blade across to the opposite side of the chair. He got the edge on the cords binding him, sawed back and forth carefully. No doubt he'd take off a little hide before he got done. . . .

Some hide came off, but fifteen minutes later later Clay jumped up, tore the remaining cords from his arms and legs and stumbled toward the door. Squint had taken all possible weapons. It would also take him a while to find where Tad was working . . .

Clay sprinted across the clearing, plunged into the path leading back into the hills. In a little while he came down in a clearing on either side of a gorge. It was very still down here, not even the sound of, blue-jays in the pine groves . . .

* * * * *

THE crack of a carbine sounded sharply ahead along the gorge. Clay clutched at the gnarled trunk of a tree. Was he too late? Had Squint already shot and killed old Tad?

Grimly Clay pushed on, more cautiously now, breath a little short in his chest. He must be getting old, alright. But he couldn't let Squint get away with this. He'd have to find him, catch him somehow . . .

Peering out of the protective fringe of trees, Clay stared down the slope. His sharp eyes picked up an object lying in the grass. A body . . . The body of Tad—

Away to his right a little further was another object. The detonator Tad had been going to use. Evidently he'd been about to blast that rocky ledge above the stream, when Squint had fired at him from the woods . . .

Recklessly, Clay broke into a run. All thought of personal danger was gone from his mind, as he sprinted down the slope, stooped above the fallen body of his one-time partner.

"Tad," Clay croaked hoarsely. "Tad—"

Tad didn't answer. Clay gathered the still form into his arms, turned and stumbled back up the slope. He could feel a prickly sensation at his back . . . that was probably Squint getting his sights lined up on his spine . . .

BUT Clay reached the edge of the woods, forced his way into them and put Tad down on the ground. A swift inspection disclosed that Tad had been creased across the side of the head. Another inch and he'd have been a gone goose. But with a doctor's care, right quick.—Grimly Clay peered back down the sunlit slope. He could still see nothing but the wooded hills, the rock gorge at the bottom, rising into rough crags above the stream . . .

Someone came out of the woods to the rocky ledge above the stream. Squint. Clay's breath caught sharply. Squint had the carbine, while Clay had nothing at all. But there was a chance . . . if Tad had placed the charge of dynamite where it seemed most logical, and if he had had it connected, ready to blast . . .

It was a grave chance, the only chance. Clay gathered his muscles, flung himself from the woods and raced down hill. But if Tad hadn't hooked the charge up—

The crack of the carbine sounded. A swift look showed Squint sighting along the carbine—

The detonator—Clay flung himself forward, clawing at the handle, jerking it out and plunging it back again—

The crumbling roar that reached his ears was almost like music. Glaring up he saw the rocky ledge upon which Squint stood crumbling like dust, saw Squint's body crashing forward, tumbling down into the mass of dust and rock . . .

* * * * *

CLAY knelt on the ground, finished the make-shift bandage on Tad's grizzled head.

"It's your fault," Clay growled, "Blabbing all over town about how you struck it rich. This may teach you a lesson. I'll help you get back to Hookers Run and see the doc. But from then on . . . you scrape your own chestnuts outta the fire. You're nothing but a bull-headed old cuss anyhow . . ." He stopped.

Tad was grinning foolishly as he sat up, leaned against a tree. "Okay," Tad growled. "Okay. You win. Maybe it did kind of go to my head, but I'm okay now."

"What do you mean, you're okay?"

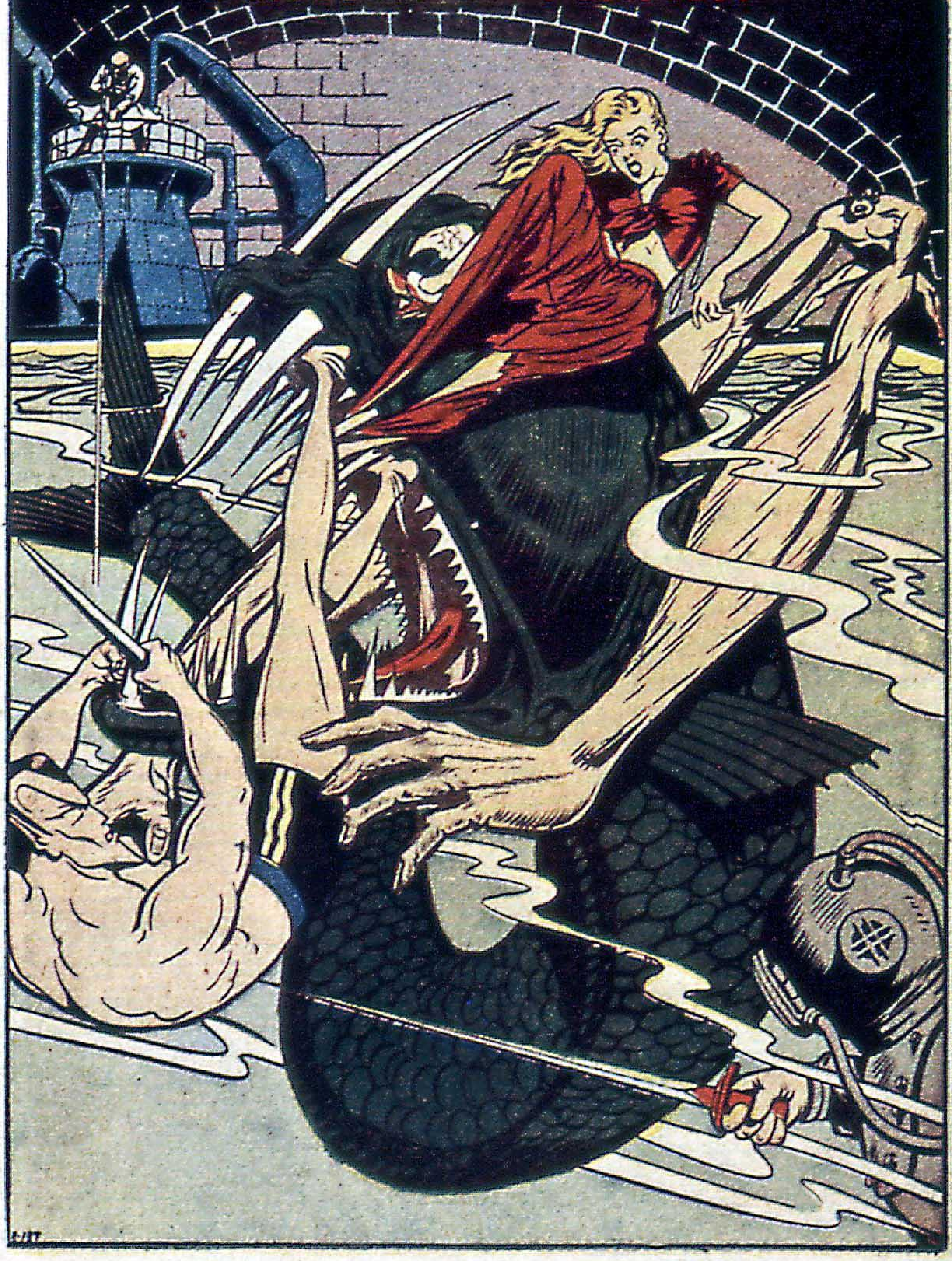
Tad hesitated, color flushing his leathery cheeks. He said slowly, "Shucks, I guess we been partners too long to bust up now. So if it's okay by you . . . we'll shake and start over again!"

Clay gripped the strong hand.

THE END

SUB-MARINER

in "DUNGEON OF TERROR"



KIND OF DEAD DOWN HERE! GUESS I'LL SURFACE AND SEE WHAT BETTY IS UP TO....
...SOMETIMES SHE FOLLOWS UP A NEWS STORY THAT MEANS ACTION AND FUN FOR ME!
LATER SUB-MARINER AND BETTY DEAN DRIVE ALONG THE GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY.
..NOW QUIT YOUR GRIPING, PRINCE NAMOR! I KNOW YOU CAME UP FOR ACTION, BUT IT WON'T HURT YOU TO ACCEPT MRS. GAILLARD'S INVITATION FOR THE WEEK-END. THIS IS HER FIRST PARTY SINCE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HER HUSBAND TEN YEARS AGO!
THAT WAS THE FAMOUS DR. HERZOG! ...WONDER WHATEVER BECAME OF HIM?
THAT'S STILL QUITE A MYSTERY!... HE DID CARRY ON SECRET EXPERIMENTS, THOUGH, BEFORE HE VANISHED!
MAYBE HE FOUND A WAY TO RENDER HIMSELF INVISIBLE LIKE THE MAN IN THE MOVIES! ...HEY!.. THAT'S THEIR PLACE BELOW..
...BOY!.. WHAT A LAYOUT!

THAT EVENING THE GUESTS GATHER FOR A SWIM AND...
WBLP! OHHHEE! GULP!
EXCUSE ME, BETTY!
MY!... SUCH A GRACEFUL DIVE!
WHAT A PHONEY! WELL, THE PLEASURE IS ALL HERS!
LATER, IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE NEXT MORNING...
GOT TO GET UP FOR A SHOWER!... CAN'T SLEEP!... SOMETHING WRONG!... MAYBE THE BED IS TOO COMFORTABLE FOR ME!
WHILE UPSTAIRS IN MRS. GAILLARD'S ROOM.
AEEIEE...
AND I THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE NO ACTION! THAT WAS FROM OUR HOSTESS'S ROOM!
NO TIME TO SEE IF THIS DOOR IS LOCKED!

FINDING THE ROOM EMPTY EXCEPT FOR MRS. GALLARD'S FAINTED BODY PRINCE NAMOR QUICKLY GOES TO WORK REVIVING HER.
THAT DOOR WAS LOCKED!.. THE WINDOWS BARRED!.. HOW COULD ANYONE HAVE ENTERED TO FRIGHTEN HER!... SHE PROBABLY HAD A NIGHTMARE!...
AFTER A FEW SNIFFS OF THE STIMULATING SPIRITS..
A-A LONG PAIR OF ARMS REACHED FOR ME FROM... OHHHH!
SHE'S FAINTED AGAIN! TAKE CARE OF HER, BETTY! I'VE GOT TO GET BUSY!
ALL RIGHT. WE'LL TAKE HER TO ANOTHER ROOM! BUT DON'T GO AWAY... I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY!
SUB-MARINER IS NO MORE THAN LEFT ALONE WHEN...
ALL THESE WALL PANELS SEEM TO BE SOLID... I WONDER IF....... ... AHH! I MUST BE SLEEPY TO BELIEVE HER STORY!
ARGH! THIS IS NO DREAM! WHAT STRENGTH IN THESE MONSTEROUS HANDS! I CAN HARDLY BUDGE!
ITS ARMS ARE SUPERIOR TO MY STRENGTH, BUT IF I COULD GET AT ITS BODY...

SOON THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION AMID THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAYS...
WELCOME, SUB-MARINER! AHH, IT HAS LONG BEEN MY AMBITION TO PRACTICE HORMONE INJECTIONS ON YOU!...AH, BUT FORGIVE ME...THE MAN HOLDING YOU IS IRG, MY FAITHFUL SERVANT! I HAVE EFFECTED HIS ARMS FOR BETTER SERVICES TO ME... AND I AM DR. HERZOG!
YOU!.. DR. HERZOG?! ...THEN FRIGHTENING MRS. GAILLARD WAS ONLY A TRICK TO GET ME!
YES!... AND I DISAPPEARED BECAUSE OF 'AN INCURABLE MALADY OF INCREASING UGLINESS AND COULD NOT BEAR MY LOOKS IN SOCIETY!'... SINCE THEN I'VE BEEN BIDING MY TIME EXPERIMENTING WITH HORMONES!...
...HERE IS A DRAGON FISH, ORIGINALLY TWELVE INCHES LONG WHICH I HAVE REDESIGNED AND DEVELOPED INTO A TWENTY FOOTER!... AH, BUT WAIT....
...YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN SO INTERESTED IN WORKING ON YOU THAT I'VE EVEN MADE A SKETCH OF JUST HOW YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK WHEN I'M THROUGH!
Design for Sub-Mariner
C Herzog
AWRK!..YOU DEVIL! I'LL..
YOU'LL NOTHING!... YOU'RE POWERLESS! THAT'S RIGHT, IRG! HOLD HIM THERE WHILE THIS HEAT RAY MACHINE WEAKENS HIM SO I CAN OPERATE! I'LL PREPARE MY INSTRUMENTS NOW!
5

DURING ALL THIS TIME BETTY DEAN HAS BEEN SCANNING THE ROOM FOR A SECRET EXIT...
NOW, THAT'S JUST LIKE SUB-MARINER! LEAVING ME ALONE BECAUSE I'M A GIRL!... AND THERE ARE WAYS I CAN HELP HIM SOMETIMES, TOO!
AW, SHOOT!...HERE I'M ALL SET!..FLASH-LIGHT AND.....HEY! WHAT TH...
A SECRET WALL PANEL! I MUST HAVE LEANED AGAINST THE BUTTON!
PHEW!! WHAT A PLACE! THESE FOOT PRINTS INDICATE PRINCE NAMOR WAS STRUGGLING DOWN HERE WITH SOMEONE!
BUT AT THE MOMENT BETTY TRIPPED THE SECRET PANEL OPEN, DR. HERZOG RECEIVED A SIGNAL AND...
QUICK, IRG! DROP SUB-MARINER INTO THE PIT! WE'VE GOT A VISITOR COMING!
LOOKS LIKE MY GOAL AHEAD! I'D BETTER SLIP UP QUIETLY AND SURVEY THE SITUATION WITHIN!
AHH! MY DEAR!...MIGHT YOU BE LOOKING FOR SUB-MARINER?! HERE, I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!
EEEK! YOU FIEND!

PUT HER IN WITH THE FISH MAN, IRG!...AHH! I'VE NEVER HAD A WOMAN IN MY EXPERIMENTS BEFORE!...SHE WILL BE THE FIRST!...I MUST SKETCH OUT A FORM FOR HER! HA! HA! HA! HA!
WHY DID YOU WANT TO FOLLOW?! THIS MADMAN HAS A CINCH ON US! I'M ABOUT DEAD FROM THE LACK OF WATER!
HERE! I BROUGHT ALONG A WATER BOTTLE FULL! I THOUGHT YOU'D GET YOURSELF IN THIS SPOT! ...AGAIN!
BETTY HELPS PRINCE NAMOR WITH THE FIRST FEW DROPS, THEN...
GOOD GIRL, BETTY!..NOW, LET'S GO INTO THE ACT THAT I'M DYING! HERE'S THE PLAN.....
YES?!
AAARGH!..MOAN...OOOEE...! MOAN!..OHHHH!
SOB, SOB!..PRINCE NAMOR, THEY'VE KILLED YOU!, SOB, SOB!
Design for Betty Dean
QUICK, IRG! PULL THE FISH MAN OUT!..WE MUST OPERATE ON HIM IMMEDIATELY!
HE BREATHES! WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE HIM INTO A HUMAN TADPOLE!
BUT NO SOONER ARE IRG'S HANDS FREE OF SUB-MARINER AND
OH, YEAH! OUT OF THE WAY, IRG!

THAT'S GOT YOU!...NOW FOR HERZOG!
YOUR GIRL NEEDS YOU! I'M EMPTYING THE DRAGONFISH INTO THE PIT!
HELP!! SUB-MARINER! ...OHHEE!!
FIEND OF FIENDS!... YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
HA, HA HEE!! YOU'LL KNOW NO ESCAPE FROM ME!
NOT A SPLIT SECOND TO SPARE!
JUST IN TIME!
BETTY CAN'T STAY UNDERWATER LONG!...BREAK! YOU STUBBORN JAWS!!

THAT'S GOT IT! BUT BETTY IS FILLING WITH WATER! THIS WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER!
GOT TO GET HER TO AIR AND FAST! WHAT CHANCE WILL I HAVE AGAINST THAT ROGUE TO REVIVE HER?!
THE PIT DRAINS INSTANTLY! BETTY DEAN AND PRINCE NAMOR DROP TO ITS BOTTOM LIKE FALLING THROUGH THIN AIR AND....
JUST AS SUB-MARINER HITS THE SURFACE...
BACK TO THE BOTTOM WHERE YOU STARTED FROM! I'VE GOT PLANS FOR YOU!
PIT DRAIN
I'VE GOT TO GET THE WATER OUT OF BETTY AND HER BREATHING STARTED.... WONDER WHAT THE DEMON WILL PULL NEXT?!.. I CAN'T LEAVE HER AND HE SURE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF IT!
PRINCE NAMOR DOESN'T WONDER LONG...
LET'S SEE YOU FIGHT THIS FIREGUN, SUB-MARINER!...I'LL GET YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
SCAMPER! BUT YOU WON'T GET FROM THE HEAT!.. HEE! HEE!

WITH ALL HIS REMAINING POWER SUB-MARINER LEAPS OUT OF THE PIT.
NOW, LAY LOW AND GIVE A GUY A CHANCE TO BRING A LADY TO!
OWIEE! ARGH! ...IEEH!..YOU DEVIL, SUB-MARINER!
I'LL FLOOD THIS WHOLE ROOM! DROWN THE GIRL! THEN DRAIN IT, AND TURN THE HEAT IN ON HIM! OUCH! MY LEG!
FLOODING THE PIT AGAIN?!..THAT HERZOG IS REALLY STARK RAVING MAD!
I'LL HAVE TO CONTINUE ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION BY KEEPING HER ON MY BACK! ....HE'S ESCAPING THROUGH THE MANHOLE IN THE CEILING! IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO TRAP US IN THIS FLOODING CHAMBER!
HA! HA! HA! THIS TIME THE GREAT SUB-MARINER IS DEFINETLY MY PRIVATE PRISONER!

THE WATER RISES RAPIDLY AND SOON CLOSES TOWARD THE CEILING...
AH, BETTY IS STARTING TO BREATH, BUT WILL IT BE IN TIME?
ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND BETTY IS ON HER OWN.
GOOD GIRL! CAN YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER WHILE I BREAK THROUGH THAT MANHOLE?!
HAVE TO OR DROWN! GO ON, PRINCE!
SUB-MARINER DIVES DEEP TO GET UP MOMENTUM..
...THEN-ROCKETS UP.-
AND..
HOLD ON, HERZOG! WE'VE GOT A DEAL ON!
YES! AND YOU'LL REGRET EVER DEALING WITH ME!
OH, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT SOON AS I GET BETTY DEAN TO SAFETY!

WILL YOU BE ALL RIGHT HERE. BETTY?
YES. BUT DO BE CAREFUL, PRINCE.!
AS SUB-MARINER RACES UP THE TOWER STAIRWAY AFTER HERZOG, THE RISING WATERS FIND THEIR EXIT SAFELY BELOW THE LANDING WHERE BETTY DEAN IS LEFT.
PRINCE NAMOR REACHES THE TOWER TOP JUST AS..
OH, NO YOU DON'T, HERZOG.!
OH! YES I DO! THIS IS SOMETHING I FORGOT I HAD, BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO USE IT ON YOU. NOW!
IF YOU KNEW HOW.!
I KNOW HOW GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU, FISHMAN!... THERE!
GOT YOU AGAIN.!... OOPS! MISSED.!... HE'S A GONER!
A FEW MINUTES LATER.
WELL, BETTY, THAT'S THE END OF THE MYSTERY OF DR. HERZOG AND HIM, TOO!
TOO BAD THAT SUCH A GOOD MIND WOULD CRACK!
BREAK THE NEWS TO MRS GAILLARD! THE SEA CALLS ME AND I CAN'T RESIST! S'LONG!
END

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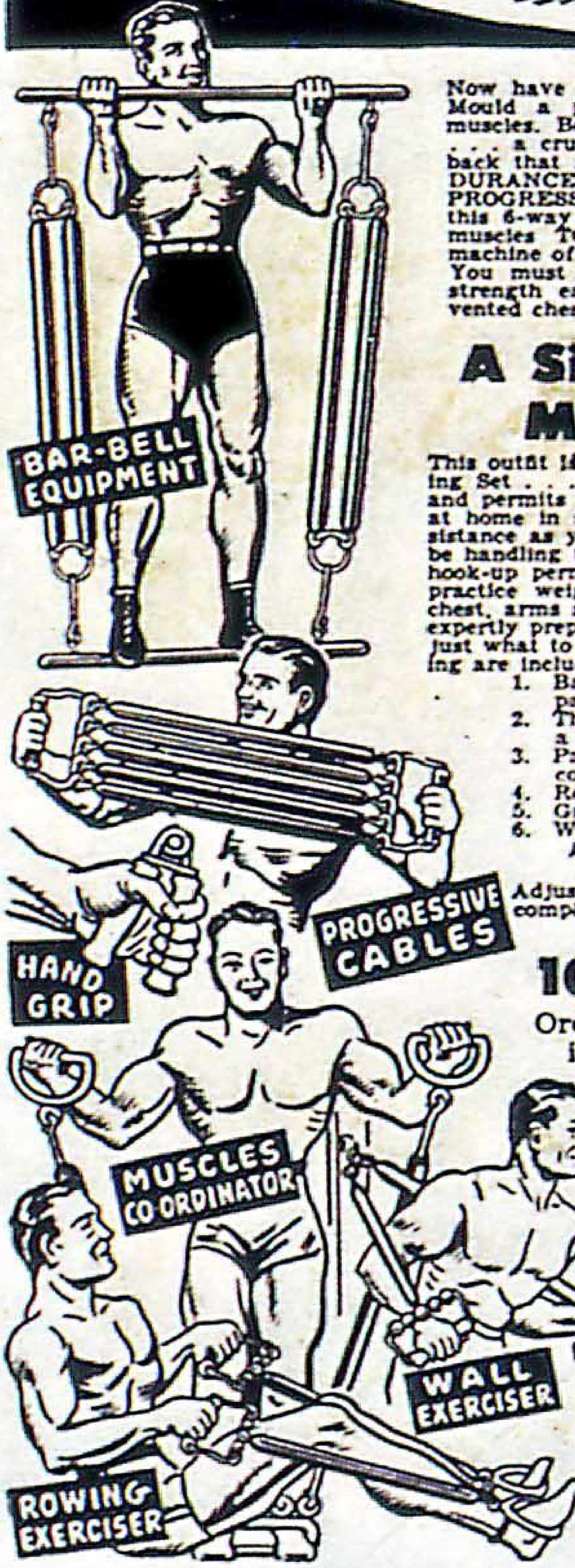

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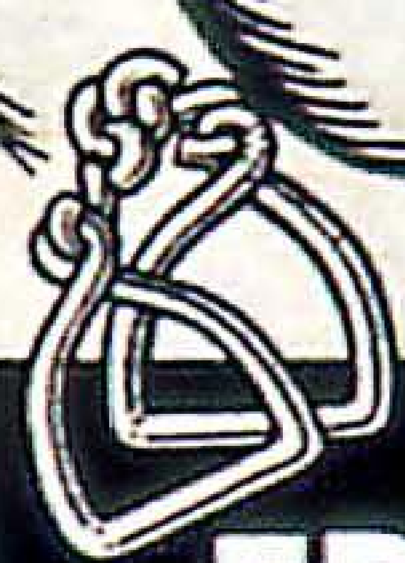

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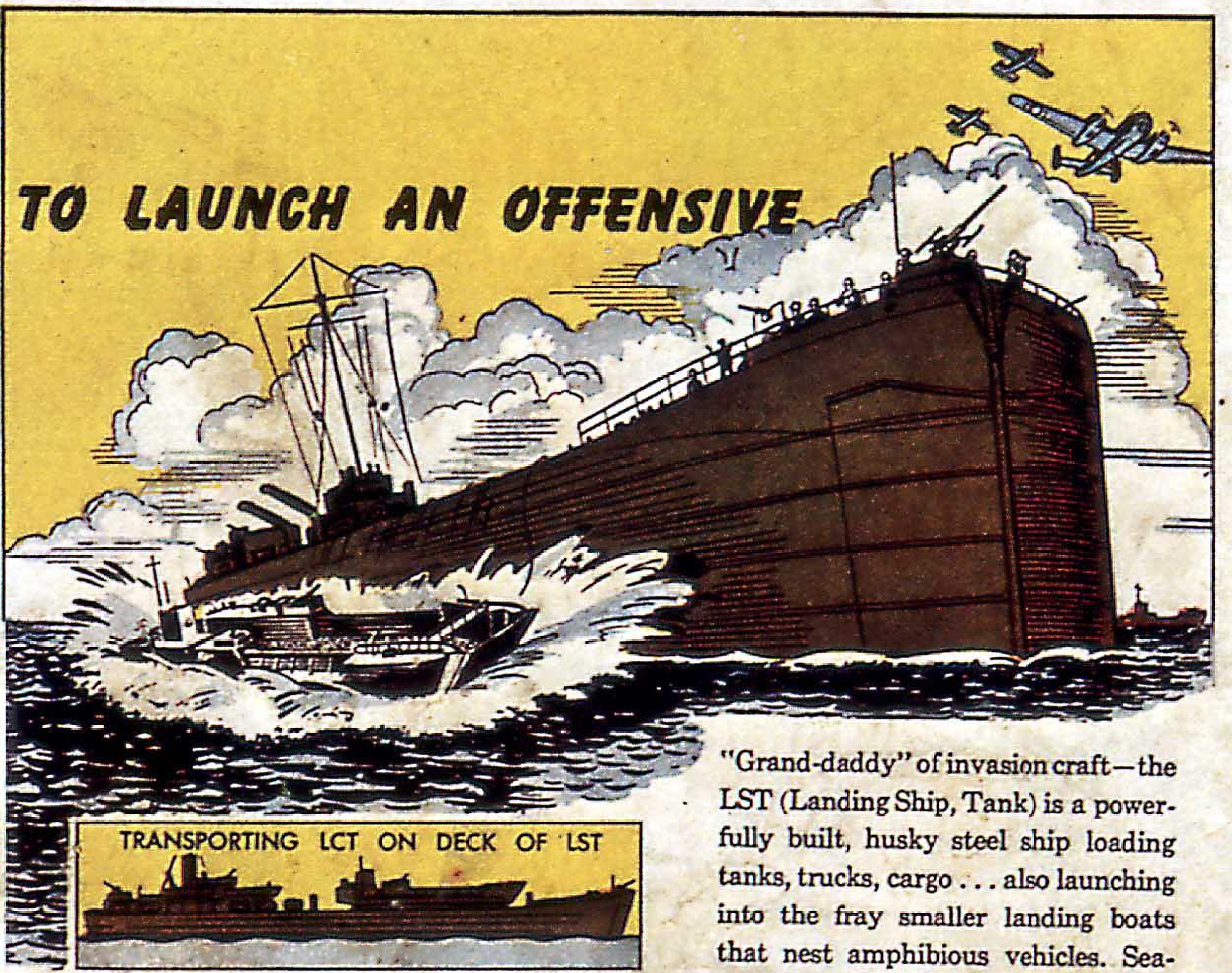
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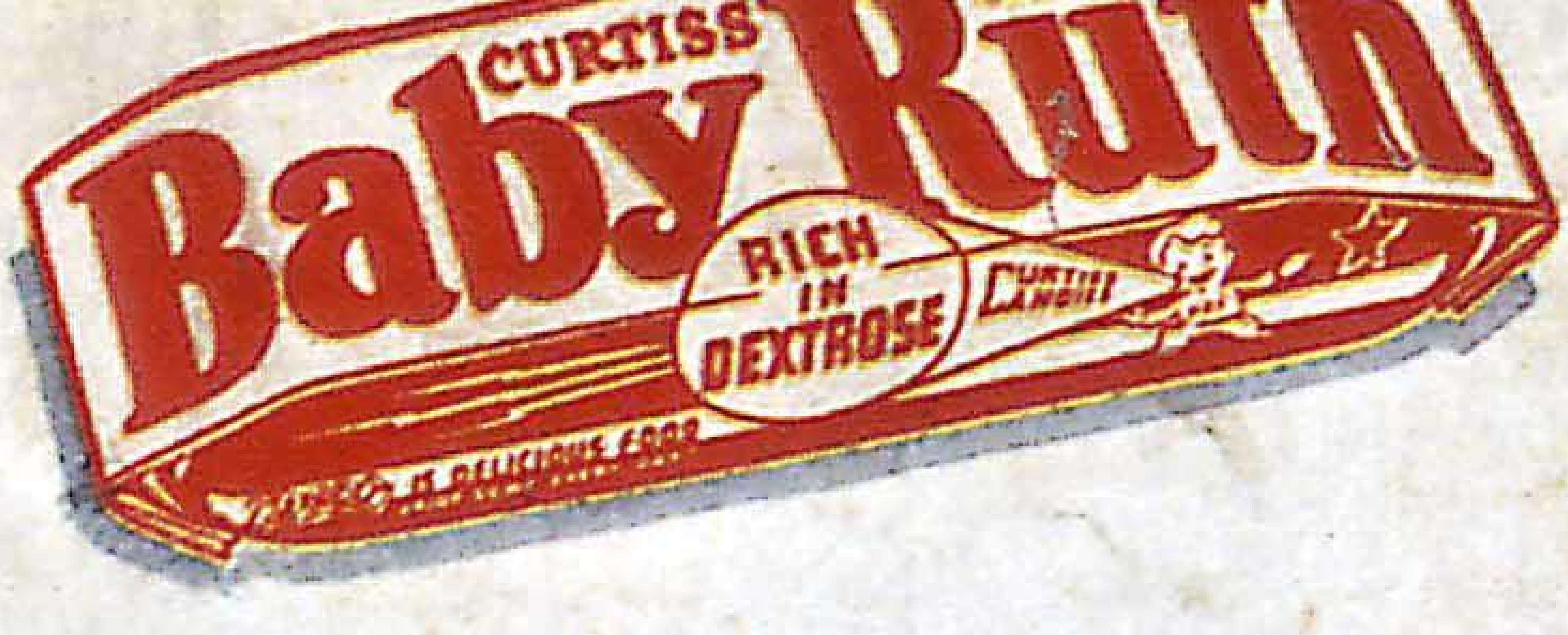
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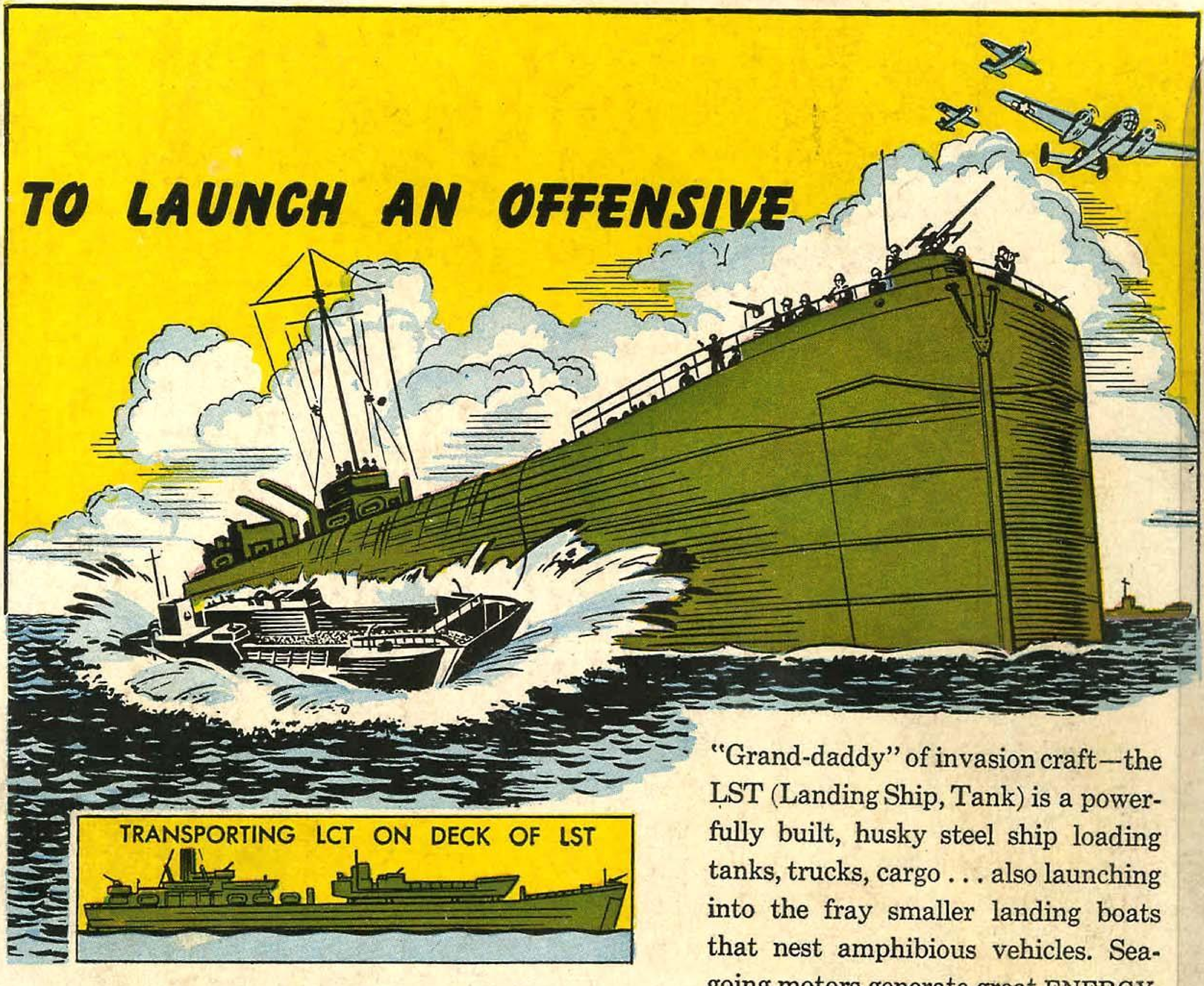
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